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DEVOTED TO THE DOCTRINE OF UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE AND MISCELLANY OF CHASTE AND MORAL TENDENCY.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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[Written for the Messenger and Universalist.]

## THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH—A Tale.

BY MRS. S. A. DOWNER.

The summer of 1828 was passed on the Hudson river, near the Highlands; the scenery of which is described by travellers as not surpassed by any on the globe. I took leave of some kind friends in the beginning of autumn, the season of all others most delightful, and which is replete with moral, as well as with natural, beauty. My baggage was conveyed on board one of our commodious steam-boats, and as we advanced rapidly towards the city of New York, the face of the country as we passed along, though always grand, I thought never presented so magnificent an appearance as then; the trees, clothed in their gorgeous autumn dress, seemed sprinkled with every tint of the rainbow; while only here and there a green shrub was left standing, as if to remind one more forcibly of the decay of nature.

The occasion of my somewhat premature return to town was in compliance with an invitation from a friend and distant connexion, to attend the wedding of her youngest daughter. Independently of my regard for the family, I would not willingly have missed being present on so joyful an occasion.—There is something to me particularly pleasing, in witnessing a marriage ceremony; where the parties are brought together by those pure and holy feelings, that refine and ennoble our being; where age, condition, and sentiment, unite in moulding and harmonizing two minds into one; imparting on the one hand, strength and firmness, and receiving on the other in exchange, the many tender and refined susceptibilities, that open the mind to new beauties, and fill the heart with an indescribable happiness, that had hitherto dwelt only in the imagination, and seemed too bright for reality. I saw the ceremony performed, that bound together two beings whose hearts had long been fondly, fervently united; and as the aged Man of God pronounced the solemn nuptial benediction, and the beautiful bride raised her tearful eyes, to receive the congratulations of her assembled friends—I thought I had never beheld a marriage contracted under more favorable auspices; and looking through the bright vista of future years, beheld with every new tie an additional source of happiness, that would flourish through a well spent life, and accompany their beatified spirits into a happy eternity.

Lucy Seymour was the youngest, and only unmarried daughter of a highly respectable family, who had bestowed the utmost attention to the education of their children, and who were well rewarded for their cares by this amiable girl. She was all that the fondest parent could desire, or the heart of man covet as a companion. Full well did the favored lover know the value of the gift bestowed upon him; and as Mr. Seymour placed the hand of Lucy, in that of Charles Allison, and besought him in the plenitude of his feelings, to be more than a parent to his child, and never to add one unnecessary pang to the young bosom committed to his

keeping—he pressed the inestimable treasure to his lips; and vowed on that fair hand, never to forget the solemn obligations of that moment. And well was Charles Allison qualified to perform the sacred duties of a husband, and to cherish the delicate being who in the full confidence of a devoted heart, was willing to leave the tried friends of her infancy and more mature age, for other friends, and a new state of society and duties.

We fear the calculating mind of man does not sufficiently value the first gush of holy feeling that animates the bosom of a wife; that he does not always appreciate the strength, and depth, and purity of woman's love; or share with her in the full tide of tenderness which accompanies the surrender of her heart and person into the keeping of him who is at once the guardian of her happiness and honor. That he does not always bear these sentiments in mind, is too often shown in the quick reply and impatient contradiction, which awakens the young wife from a dream of bliss, to see that her path, though strewn with flowers, is not entirely divested of thorns. Yet little had the wife of Charles Allison to apprehend from unkindness; his whole nature was one of kindness and love; and from having been a dutiful and affectionate son to an afflicted father, whose latter years were soothed with the filial attentions, and animated virtues which were constantly exercised to cheer the chamber of disease and smooth the pillow of decay; he passed onward to become the protector of innocence, with a modest sense of his own unswerving integrity, and a confidence in his capability to perform the sacred trust.

The father of Charles had been a successful merchant; and upon resigning business to his son, found that his means were sufficiently ample for all the comforts of life, and something left to bestow upon the destitute and suffering. He was bereaved of a tenderly loved wife when Charles was about seventeen; an age when the latter first began to feel the charm of female society, and could appreciate and admire the strength and purity of female character. The veneration in which he held the memory of this excellent parent, inspired him with a respect and tenderness for the sex, that was always observable in his attention to them. He was a scholar, and a man of talent; and under a perfect calmness of demeanor, you could see the struggles of genius, with a melancholy that tempered the soarings of a splendid fancy, and subdued the towering flights of ambition. Yet his character received its last, best polish from the affliction with which it pleased the All-wise disposer of events to visit him in the death of his father, who had long been the subject of a lingering, chronic complaint, which at times occasioned the most excruciating agony. As Charles never left him, except when obliged by business, he was a constant witness of the efficacy of religion, in teaching patience to the sufferer, and in supporting the drooping mind when bowed by the weakness of protracted and severe disease; of that religion that never permits its possessor to doubt of the goodness and wisdom that allows the approach of suffering, and enables him to triumph over the terrors of the destroyer. It was while thus engaged, that the understanding of Charles became enlightened with the truths of christianity, and received the peace of that gospel that was delivered to Abraham, and renewed unto Isaac, and to Jacob, and has been preached by all God's holy prophets since the world began. It was then, and under these circumstances, that he became a believer in the universal goodness and mercy of God, who designed from the beginning, and will accomplish, the final restoration of all mankind to a state of holiness and happiness.

It was in this belief his father lived, and in this belief he died.

If there is one religion more than another that is calculated to give man a proper knowledge of his Maker, and to instruct him in the duty he owes both God and man, it is this. Universalism is the most humble, and its possessor the least presuming of any other class of christians; he feels the immeasurable distance that exists between him and Deity, and while deploring his own unworthiness, can only follow the example of the Saviour, who was sent as a pattern and guide; and who has declared, that because he lives, we shall live also. How many are the consolations of the Universalist! Though the judgments of God strike him with awe, yet are they divested of terror. He sees and acknowledges the hand of a father who will afflict in measure, and in mercy. And how diffuse his joys! In the lone watches of the night, when all nature is hushed and silent, fear might arise from the awful stillness of the hour, were it not for the knowledge that the ever watchful eye of Jehovah is upon us, in all hours and in all seasons; who gives the seed time and the harvest—who causes his sun to rise, and his rain to fall on the just and on the unjust. It was this knowledge of the character of God that filled the heart of Charles with peace, even in the chamber of death, and though bowed beneath the blow, he did not sorrow as those who have no hope.

After returning from paying the last sad duty that humanity requires at our hands, the melancholy thought rushed across his heart, that he was now alone! and with the exception of the fond girl to whom he was betrothed, there was not one being interested in his happiness. How desolate was the house of mourning, now that its loved inmate was removed! He could not reconcile his mind to think they should meet no more; and as he wandered from room to room, he fancied he could still hear the feeble voice of the sufferer, whose latest breath was employed in speaking peace, and hope, to sooth the pang of parting. Kind father of a noble son! thy pious cares were rewarded in the patient submission that did not permit a single sigh to disturb the tranquility with which thou passedst into the presence of thy Maker!

The recent loss Charles had sustained did not permit him on his marriage to indulge in the gaieties usual on such occasions; and after a short excursion into the country, the happy couple returned to town, prepared to enter on their new duties with all the steadiness of people a twelve month married. The character of Charles contrasted strangely, yet not inharmoniously with that of his young wife; sorrow for the loss of his parents had given a mild-seriousness to his manner, that was happily relieved by the playful gaiety of Lucy, who, though she could not enter into his feelings, loved him the better for having suffered; and regarded him, as indeed he was—the model of a perfect man.

The circle of their acquaintance was rather select, than extensive, and Charles saw his beautiful wife equally respected for her domestic graces, as admired for her social ones. His house was the abode of hospitality and friendship, and insensibly he began to lose much of his habitual gravity, and when surrounded by a polished few, a change passed over his tranquil temperament, and if he convinced by the depth and clearness of his reasoning, he could also please by the brilliancy of imagination, that threw a charm over his conversation, and showed him to be equally a man of taste, as of sound philosophy. At such moments Lucy would gaze upon her husband with a mixture of admiration and awe. His lofty sentiments and pure principles, sounded to her wrapt spirit like inspiration, and but for the sudden turn of



thought that broke the spell of the moment, she would have been in danger of idolizing, where she should only respect and love.

"Is it not singular, Charles," said Lucy one evening as they were sitting together, "that although you are never as gay as I am, you are uniformly more cheerful and happy?"

"And have I not every reason to be happy, my dear wife," said Charles, drawing her to his bosom, "while blest with the affection of your excellent self; and should I not be a monster of ingratitude to be otherwise than cheerful, while receiving from the hands of my Maker the boundless benefits I am permitted to enjoy?"

"Oh yes; and I also have the same reason for cheerfulness, and yet I cannot always feel so. Perhaps," said she, after a short pause, "your spirits are under better discipline than mine: or perhaps your religion it is, that raises you above the things of earth, and occasions me sometimes to almost envy you the possession of feelings I have tried, but in vain to enjoy."

Charles did not reply, and Lucy continued—"You know my love, that my parents entertain different religious sentiments from yourself; and that I have been brought up in their belief, though I scarcely know what that was, or thought much about it, until I became your wife. I heard Universalists sometimes spoken of, but always as a sort of infidels, which I am now convinced was a slander upon the name, yet I cannot clearly see how all mankind are to be saved, or divest myself of the fear, that myself, and dearest friends, may be hereafter miserable. These thoughts frequently intrude on me, and cause me more unhappiness than I can well express; yet I do not permit my mind to dwell on these subjects, they make me too miserable, and I drive them from me."

"Oh Lucy! I would sacrifice much, any thing in fact, short of yourself, to be the humble instrument of teaching you a world's salvation. Oh, if I could but clear your mind from the doubts caused by an erroneous education, and convince you of the impartial goodness of God towards all his sinful creatures, and prevail on you to examine for yourself into the character and attributes of Deity, I should hold much of this world's good a trifle in comparison."

"I cannot doubt your sincerity my dear Charles; but is it not possible even you may deceive yourself?"

"No, Lucy, I cannot be deceived. The truth that was forced upon my understanding in the chamber of sickness, that was spoken by the lips of suffering, is too real to be doubted. Could you have seen my beloved parent, with drops of agony upon his pale brow, striving to subdue even in his countenance, the expression of pain, that was racking his whole frame; have heard his lips in every interval speak praises to the great Being who enabled him to bear these afflictions; you would have thought that religion genuine, and have embraced the faith that yielded such confidence and peace."

Lucy listened with interest, while Charles then went on to explain the kind purposes of God toward his creature man, as revealed to us by his holy word, and if she was not convinced by his arguments, she at least did not object them.

"What a happy couple Allison and his wife are," said Henry Selwyn to his friend Rogers, as they descended the marble steps, after spending an evening with Charles and Lucy. "I would give the world to possess the affections of so lovely a creature."

"She is indeed a charming woman, and I think our friend Charles fortunate in his choice."

"And is that all! 'pon my soul, Rogers, that phlegmatic temperament of yours will one day turn your heart into an isle; unless indeed Cupid takes charge of it for you before then. Why I could adore such a being. What inimitable grace and sweetness! And then the charming *naïvete* which betrays her affection for her husband! Charles is indeed an enviable man."

Such were the general expressions of all who saw them; and upon the birth of a son, in a little more than a year from the time of their marriage, their happiness was if possible increased. The new duties demanded from Lucy, gave an additional energy to her character, and produced in her bright countenance an expression of deeper feeling and softness, than it had ever worn; and it was delightful to watch the animated expressions of hope in her speaking face, while laying out plans for the education of this darling boy. Ah! who that saw them

then, could have believed that so dark a day was before them.

Would I could now take leave of this happy family, while blest with the fruition of every earthly good. That I could now leave them in possession of the tranquility they so well deserved to possess; but as it is the acknowledged duty of a faithful historian to relate the fall, as well as rise of empires, and the causes that tend to produce these disasters; I, also, as an humble biographer, must proceed in my painful task.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were members of a presbyterian church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Dr. —, who for more than thirty years had lived in the affections of his people; and who had ministered to the spiritual necessities of a numerous congregation with the meekness and fidelity of a servant of the most High. He was taken from his congregation in about a year from the commencement of this tale. His place was supplied by a young clergyman who had been but a few years engaged in the ministry, and whose zeal in saving sinners, (not "from their sins," but) from an endless hell, was worthy a better cause. The Rev. Mr. Grey, soon discovered that his predecessor had been sadly negligent of his flock; and that it was his duty to arouse them from a state of false security, and to warn them of the dangerous precipice over which they were pending. Mr. Seymour was chosen a deacon, soon after the installation of the Rev. Mr. Grey into office. This produced an intimacy between the families, which the Rev. gentleman soon improved to his own advantage. He found Mr. and Mrs. Seymour pious without hypocrisy, and as they spoke of their family without reserve, he soon found means to avail himself of the confidence of Mrs. Seymour, and to make it subservient to his own purpose. In common with limitarian preachers of all denominations, he had an implacable dislike to Universalists, and did not hesitate on every occasion to traduce that class of christians. He could not conceal his astonishment, therefore, on learning that one of their daughters was married to a Universalist; and as he heard Charles extolled for his christian virtues, and his name never mentioned but with affection; he could not subdue his chagrin, and expressed his disapprobation in no very gentle terms.

Mrs. Seymour was surprised; for with Lucy, though she could not join in his belief, she yet wished it to be true, and admired the liberality of the sentiments he so openly avowed. The anathemas of Mr. Grey struck her as being uncharitable in the extreme, and she endeavored to convince him that he was mistaken in the character, and sentiments of those he so freely denounced, but in vain. He was not to be appeased, and it was only by promising to awake her daughter Mrs. Allison from her state of danger, that she could compromise with the offending feelings of her clerical adviser.

In a short time there was quite an excitement produced in the society. Instead of the Thursday evening lectures that the good old Dr. — had rendered so interesting to both old and young, there was now prayer meetings twice a week, and an inquiry meeting once a fortnight. Societies were established to raise funds for the missionary cause, and the ladies agreed to meet once a week for the purpose of making up fancy articles that would enable them at the end of the year to hold a Fair for the sale of these gew-gaws, the proceeds of which were to purchase a life membership in the bible society for the new minister. Mrs. Seymour was led to take an active part in all these new meetings, by Mr. Grey and his coadjutor, Mrs. Grundy, a lady who left a large and interesting family to the entire management of servants, while she entered warmly into all Mr. Grey's plans, for increasing his popularity.

"Really Mrs. Seymour," said Mrs. Grundy, "we must call and take Mrs. Allison to the sewing society this afternoon. She spends too much of her time at home, and we must enlist her services in this good work. I am obliged to neglect my family, but the Lord's work must not be put by, and our zeal must animate the younger part of the congregation." Mrs. Seymour recollected the conversation she held with Mr. Grey respecting her daughter and son-in-law; and she thought this would be a good opportunity to prove to him that she remembered her promise. As Lucy prepared to accompany them, the many orders she gave the nurse respecting her infant excited the animadversion of Mrs. Grundy, who laughingly asserted that although she had left a house full of babies, she had not issued so many orders concerning them in a month. Lucy joined

the laugh against herself, but wondered in her own mind how a mother could be so neglectful of her family.

"Well ladies," said Mr. Grey on entering the vestry room, where were seated two or three dozen females, all plying their needles as if their very bread depended on their exertions. "I may indeed compare you with the pious females of old, who were never tired of good works. Ah! Mrs. Allison, have I the pleasure of seeing you here! Though this is the first, I hope it may not be the only time, the society will have the pleasure of your assistance." Lucy blushed, but she did not reply; for she knew not that Charles would approve of her promising to meet with them every week. She was saved from farther notice, however, for the numerous questions of, "How is Mrs. Grey?" and "I hope the dear little angels are all well?" &c. &c. obliged Mr. Grey to turn his attention from her.

For several weeks Lucy did meet with them, and became so much interested in the progress of the society, that when at home, her ingenuity was constantly put in requisition to devise some new pattern, or painting, or pasting; for almost any thing meets with a ready sale at these religious marts.

I cannot forbear *en passant*, from making a few remarks upon the subject of "Ladies Fairs," which I trust will appeal to the good sense of my readers, and show the danger of encouraging these fruitful sources of domestic impoverishment. To say nothing of the little time left to females by these engagements, for the improvement of their minds, and qualifying themselves to become better mothers and mistresses of families, I would ask—Is a wife justifiable in taking from the earnings of an industrious husband the means to purchase shreds of silk and ribbands, to make into pincushions and needle cases; the receipts from the sale of which are to buy a new dignity for some clerical personage, which after all is no dignity; and which every honest man should feel as an indignity, purchased at the expense of the working man's comfort, and the neglect of private domestic duties, which may yet perhaps be seen in the estrangement of husbands and wives, and in the increase of crime from the want of a proper home education in the rising generation?

It may be urged in extenuation, that those ladies who are most active in these societies, are those whose situations in life, enable them to devote both time and money to the purpose; and who therefore cannot merit the reproof implied. This is not always the case; and by the term "working man," we do not mean a day laborer only, as all those who depend upon their own exertions for support, are "working men;" and the merchant or lawyer earn their bread as hard as the humble mechanic. It is true that many dollars are gained in this way from the thoughtless and extravagant, who perhaps would refuse their aid were the proper object of the society made known; but we repeat—that cause must be poorly appreciated, that is obliged to resort to artifice to obtain support.

"Lucy, my love," said Charles, returning home one afternoon earlier than usual, "I expect a couple of friends here shortly, who will take tea, and spend the evening with us. But mercy on me, what a litter the room is in! chairs, tables, and carpet, all covered with, what shall I call them? Pray let these things be cleared away."

"They can be removed to the sofa, and something covered over them; as I have them all arranged, I do not wish them taken away."

"But what are all these things for? I cannot attach any value to some of those trifles."

"Oh you are mistaken, my dear, some of those trifles as you call them, will sell for a great deal more than their value; and Mrs. Grundy says our fair will be something to be proud of."

Then my dear wife let me advise you at least, not to be engaged in so disingenuous a traffic; where by your own account things worth scarcely any thing, are to be palmed upon the ignorant for the money that might perhaps be better employed in relieving the sick and necessitous."

"I have never considered it in that light," said Lucy somewhat disconcerted, "and if I had expected your displeasure, I certainly should not have engaged in assisting the society; but should I retract now, what would they think? and what excuse could I make for so doing, and, and—"

"What would Mrs. Grundy say?" Was not that what you were going to add Lucy?" said Charles smiling, "Why she would give you credit, perhaps,



for having the good taste to prefer fulfilling your private duties, than to take upon yourself others, whose tendency is at least doubtful."

"But what hurt can they possibly do?" said Lucy; and her eyes filled with tears.

Charles instantly assumed a serious air. "Any thing that tends to foster pride, is a sin; and as ministers are but men, when they are unduly exalted, it is but natural to suppose they may feel spiritual pride, in being thus raised above their fellows. As young females usually attend at these fairs, and act as saleswomen, I certainly think the practice detracts much from that retiring delicacy, so beautiful in a female that her character can scarcely be considered perfect without it. The plan also of affixing extravagant prices to the articles vended, and urging them upon customers, is calculated to give them habits of trickery that is far from being to their advantage. But go now and prepare your appearance for the reception of our guests; and chase that cloud from your brow. I had rather these things were all thrown in the fire, than they should occasion you a minute's uneasiness."

As Lucy sat at work, the day after this conversation, she determined to finish what work she then had by her for the society, and to excuse herself from taking any more, as she was sensible it occupied more of her time, than she could well spare—when Charles entered the room and expressed his fears that their little Edward was seriously ill.—"You called my attention to him a few days since," he observed, "but I did not then think any thing more the matter, than the little sickness children at his age are sometimes troubled with, but he now appears to have some fever, and nurse says he was very restless all night, and has not slept any this morning."

I am obliged to proceed a few miles from town this afternoon, and may not return until late in the evening; should he appear to get worse during my absence, do not fail in sending for Dr. M. he may be worse than we think for."

Lucy assured her husband he should be obeyed, and that she would sit by and watch him. She took her sewing accordingly, and proceeded to the nursery, where for some time his piteous moanings excited her alarm, but as he gradually sunk into a slumber her hopes again revived, and she thought it unnecessary to send at present for the doctor.

About four o'clock she was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Grundy, who said she had come to take tea with her in a friendly way, and should insist upon Mrs. Allison's accompanying her afterwards to hear a missionary sermon, which was to be preached, and a collection afterwards taken up to aid the missionary cause. In vain Lucy excused herself. Mrs. Grundy would take no excuse. She had promised Mr. Gray to bring her, and she never broke her promises. Lucy mentioned the illness of her child. "Pho," said Mrs. Grundy, "where I to stay at home every time one of my children complains, I should be constantly tied there. I suppose he is only cutting teeth, and you had better order his nurse to give him a little paregoric, that will quiet him."

Lucy again objected to leaving home, but these objections were overruled by her visitor. She said Mr. Gray had noticed with pleasure the interest Mrs. Allison took in the society, and that she had promised him to induce her to attend more frequently their other meetings. As you do not profess the same belief that your husband does, she continued, he has great hopes of you." This was intended to be complimentary, but Lucy did not consider it so; and she felt greater reluctance to attend her, than she cared to express. She was not resolute enough to give a firm refusal, and the reflection that Mr. Gray was so observant of her conduct, decided, though it distressed her. As evening advanced, Lucy went into another room to put on her things. "I shall wish," said she to herself. "I never had any thing to do with the society, if I am to be compelled in this manner to leave home whether I wish or no. And what can I say to my husband on his return, when he finds I have spent the evening abroad, and the child so ill?" As she again entered the parlor she almost regarded Mrs. Grundy with feelings of aversion; "and she is the cause of all my perplexity," thought Lucy, and in this mood she departed.

It is not to be supposed that she enjoyed much of the sermon, which seemed to her of intolerable length; and when the collection was about being made, she discovered that she had forgotten to provide for it, and whispered her neglect to Mrs. Grundy. "Never mind," said that lady, "I have charge

with me that I will let you have; and you can return it to-morrow," said she, with a smile of complacency, at the same time putting a ten dollar bill into the hand of Lucy. She was startled at the sum, but a false shame prevented her from returning it. She took leave of Mrs. Grundy at the church door, and as she jostled through the crowd and was obliged to find her way home alone, she resolved never to attend another evening meeting unsanctioned, and unprotected by her husband.

As she reached her own door, a carriage stopped, and while the servant was answering the bell, her husband jumped from it and flew up the steps.—"Why Lucy!" he exclaimed as the door opened, and the light from the hall lamp shone directly upon them, "Can I believe my senses! You out, and alone, at this time of night?" "Oh! madam, poor little master Edward!"—"What of him?" gasped the conscience-stricken mother, sinking on a settee. "He is dying!" said the girl. "Dying did you say?" almost shrieked Lucy, as she flew, rather than walked to the nursery. "Has a physician been sent for?" Charles breathlessly demanded of the girl, who was weeping in the hall. "No Sir; nurse was waiting for my mistress to return before she sent." "Go quick,—go instantly," he exclaimed, "for Dr. M." and with quivering lips, and a beating heart he ascended to the room where lay his pride and hope, apparently in the agonies of death, on the nurses lap.

"How am I to account for all this, Lucy?" said Charles, approaching the bed on which she had thrown herself.

"Only by considering me an unnatural mother, and a worse wife. Oh!" said she bursting into an agony of tears, "I must forever accuse myself of being the destroyer of my darling boy, and I shall never know peace again."

"No, Lucy; should our worst fears be realized, you must not accuse yourself. It belongs to Him who sitteth above the heavens, either to give or to take life; and I trust our little cherub may yet be spared us."

"Had I obeyed your commands, or observed my own promises, this misery might have been prevented. I was prevailed on by Mrs. Grundy to accompany her to church this evening, much against my inclination; and my child, I fear, must fall a sacrifice to his mother's indecision of character."

The entrance of Dr. M. put a stop to the farther upbraidings of her conscience, which smote her, as the Dr. after examining the symptoms of the child, asked why he had not been sent for sooner. "I find," he continued, "two of the teeth on the lower jaw nearly through, but a thin membrane covers them. This has occasioned all the mischief, and must be separated before we can hope the little sufferer will have relief." He instantly produced a case of pocket instruments, from which he selected a gum lancet; and approaching the unconscious innocent, who did not now resist the touch of a stranger's hand, severed the inflamed membrane; but the same breath that announced the performance of the operation, trembled as it said—"the last pang is over."

Language would fail me should I attempt to describe the misery of the bereaved parents; the grief of the unhappy mother knew no bounds. In vain Dr. M. (who was the friend as well as physician of the family) endeavoured to comfort her. Like Rachel she refused to be comforted, and the morning found her pale and exhausted from her emotions. The worthy Dr. did not leave till he saw her fall into a sound slumber. He then advised Charles to endeavor to procure some rest for himself, and left the house that but a day previous was the abode of cheerfulness, now weeping for the loss of its cherished hope.

The day arrived for the funeral, (which Mr. and Mrs. Seymour requested might be attended by Mr. Gray. To this Charles yielded a reluctant assent.) and an invitation was accordingly given. But who can describe the feelings of the sorrowing parents, when, after a short prayer, in which he did not ask for consolation to the mourners, but expressed a belief that the babe was taken as a punishment for the obstinate heresy of one parent, and to facilitate the conversion of the other, he began explaining the doctrine of original sin, and fearlessly asserted the damnation of infants, who were born of unregenerate parents. Shocking as this was to the feelings of all present, it amounted to horror in the wretched mother, when the question was asked—"And think you the professions of the parents of this child, have been able to save it from the flames of torment?"

She could bear no more, but shrieked with the wildness of a maniac.

"Forbear, Sir," said Charles, rising; while the deadly paleness of his countenance told of the internal struggles he endured; "nor longer blaspheme the character of the Most High God. The Saviour says, suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mr. Gray shrunk abashed into a seat; things had gone farther than he meant they should, and he quailed beneath the calm, yet severe glance of the man, whose parental feelings he had so totally disregarded.

Lucy was carried out of the room insensible, and Mr. Seymour seized the occasion to expedite the removal of the corpse, and put a stop to the indecorum that had taken place. On arriving at the grave, and while the coffin was lowering, Mr. Gray stood apart with Mr. Seymour in dogged silence. Charles waited a suitable time, and finding the minister declined speaking, he began in a solemn, and clear voice to repeat the service for the dead. As the grave was filling, he said a few words relative to his own feelings, and concluded with a prayer.

Mournfully and alone, he lingered in the churchyard long after all had retired from it; bedewing with tears the grave of his early hope; till reminded by the sexton, that it was time to close the gates—He turned sadly to his home, but was overtaken ere he had reached it by Dr. M. who had watched for his return; and putting his hand through the Dr.'s arm, they proceeded in silence to the door. After the Dr. had visited the room to which Lucy had been conveyed, he requested to see Charles alone. "Allison," said he when they met, "there must be a check given to these fanatics, or your wife will either lose her senses, or her life must be the sacrifice. 'Fools and hypocrites,' he exclaimed with bitterness, "they will neither permit a person to live, or die in peace; their cant follows one to the grave. And they suppose they are honoring God, too, by such persecutions! I shall insist that my patient be kept quiet, and free from excitement of any kind. She is now rational; but has a low fever, which a little agitation would send to the brain." "You shall be obeyed," said Charles, as he wrung the physician's hand, and slowly turned to take his station for the night, by the bed side of his suffering companion.

The next morning found Mr. Gray at the door of the man whose feelings he had so deeply injured, requesting permission to see Mrs. Allison. This could not be granted; and as Mrs. Seymour met him in the parlour, she lamented the perverseness of her son-in-law in enforcing such commands. "I know," said she, "it is her mind only that is diseased, and this no medicine can cure."

"And why not have her removed to your own house? you can easily excuse the procedure, by assigning as a reason, that the change may benefit her."

Mrs. Seymour shook her head: "Neither the Dr. nor her husband would give their consent."

"Then, madam, move her without. Is so amiable a creature to be endlessly lost, when you have the power to save her?"

This appeal was irresistible. "Mr. Allison is absent now," said she in a hesitating manner.

"Then improve, what may perhaps be your last opportunity, for securing the salvation of your child. As I return home, shall I send a carriage here?"

"Thank you for your kindness." And she went to prepare for her daughter's departure from the home of a husband, whose married life had been spent in promoting her happiness, and in anticipating even her wishes.

As Charles was returning home with a handkerchief full of fine oranges, he had been purchasing for his sick wife, he saw a carriage drive slowly from the door. "Who was in the carriage that has just left here?" he asked of the girl who opened the door. "Mrs. Allison, and Mrs. Seymour, Sir," she replied, "did you not meet them?" He was thunderstruck. "Mrs. Allison," said he, "what Lucy? Send Nancy to me directly."

He entered one of the elegantly furnished parlors that had not yet been dusted, and was still in the disorder left by the funeral of the preceding day. "Oh God!" he cried, sinking upon a chair, "thou knowest the weakness of thy servant; let me not be tried beyond what I have strength to bear." The woman entered. "Nancy, is Mrs. Allison indeed gone? and was there no word left for me?"

"Mrs. Seymour told me to say, she had taken Mrs. Allison home to try what effect the change



would have on her. She said it was only trouble that ailed Mrs. Allison; but indeed she is very ill, and never spoke a word, or took any notice while they were taking her away."

"That will do,—see that the house is attended to as usual;" and he retired to his own apartment.

About noon the Dr. called to visit Lucy. His astonishment was unbounded when he found what had taken place; and he requested to see Charles. He entered the apartment without ceremony, and found him lying on the bed in the first stage of fever. He had not slept for several nights, and the agitated state of his feelings, combined with bodily fatigue, had produced the derangement in his system.

"How are you to-day my friend?" said the Dr. kindly taking his hand. "Bless me! in a high fever, and your pulse beating at the rate of a hundred a minute! I must take a little blood, if you have no objections?"

"Do with me as you please, my sun of happiness has set; and what have I left worth caring for?"

"No, not set, my dear Sir, though obscured by dark clouds; which I hope to see chased before a brighter sunshine of prosperity, than you have yet known."

Charles shook his head; and even while the physician was binding up his arm, his senses began to wander.

Dr. M. was a physician of skill and eminence; yet for days, and weeks, Charles lay on the bed of suffering, from whence it did not seem probable he would ever rise. He was resigned to death, and did not wish to recover. "What have I left to attach me to earth?" he frequently asked himself; "all I loved has been taken away; my child by death, and his mother kept from me by a species of refined cruelty, that is even worse than death."

Though Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were apprized of the illness of Charles, to their disgrace be it told, they neither saw, nor inquired after him; and by the advice of Mr. Grey kept this knowledge a profound secret from Lucy. Poor Lucy! almost a prisoner in her chamber, she was but the shadow of her former self; so thin she looked, and melancholy, that even those who saw her daily feared she was in a decline. Mr. Grey was a constant visitor, and labored hard to promote her conversion; but her heart had been so sorely tried, that its sluices seemed dried, and every avenue to her feelings closed forever. Nothing moved her, not even the mention of her child; and she would sit for hours together listlessly gazing upon the sky.

"And can my wife so far forget our days of happiness," said Charles one day; (tired of the tedious monotony of a sick room,) "as never to inquire after me? Oh Lucy, were you ill in my stead, how differently should I act; but I do not blame you," and the recollection of the tenderness she had always shown for him, filled his eyes with tears. "No," said he, "you could not repay my love with such ingratitude; and I am to thank your friends for our unhappy estrangement."

It was on awakening from a slumber, (after having indulged in such reflections,) that he thought he heard low sobs near him. He raised himself a little on the pillow; when—did his senses deceive him, or was it indeed his wife, his Lucy, kneeling at his bed side? He sank back almost deprived of sense; his motion caught her ear, she started upon her feet, and the next moment saw them locked in each others arms.

The embrace had nearly proved their last; both had fainted. Lucy was the first to recover from her insensibility by the nurse lifting her from the bed. "Oh! do not take me from him. I will never leave him again," said Lucy, clinging to the side of the bed. "No, I will never, never leave him while we both live." Her voice had aroused Charles, who heard her last words. "Then dearest, life will indeed be a gift worth coveting."

Mrs. Seymour had charged the servants not to mention before her daughter, a syllable of her husband's illness; but she could not control her visitors. On this morning, an old lady, an humble friend, came to spend a few days with them.—While sitting in the chamber of Mrs. Allison, trying to divert her attention, among other questions, asked if she knew how very low her husband was? This question had the effect of electricity on the emaciated frame of her listener. He has been given up by his physician, pursued the lady; Lucy grasped her arm. "Where is my mother?" said she in a hollow voice. "She has accompanied Mrs. Grun-

dy on a morning visit to Mrs. Grey." She heard no more; but flew with the speed of a hunted deer, nor stopped, till she had reached her husband's door.

"And will you really become my nurse Lucy? then I know I shall soon get well." And from this happy day, he began rapidly to recover.

What wonders will not love effect? In less than a fortnight he was able to leave his room, so good a physician is happiness.

"I suppose, my dear madam," said Dr. M. one evening smiling upon Lucy; who was preparing some little delicacy for her husband, "I suppose I must share with you, the credit of recovering my patient? Here I had been for weeks exhausting all the stores of Æsculapius, with scarcely any advantage, when a look, and word, from you, had the magical effect of producing what I had so vainly been trying to accomplish."

"No, my good doctor; I disclaim all merit in the case. But for you," and she looked gratefully upon him, "he would not have been here to receive my tardy attendance. You remained by him, when all others had forsaken him."

"Or were forced away," said the Dr. interrupting her. "True we sometimes assist nature, but we cannot always save life: We are but workmen in the hands of a great master builder, whose will is known by the result.—But I shall now leave my patient in your hands; as I am aware I cannot do better." And with a cordial shake of the hand, he departed.

During the leisure his convalescence afforded, Charles employed himself in strengthening the mind of Lucy by religious conversations. "Examine for yourself, my love, whatever bears the name of religion; and if it will agree with the duties enjoined upon us by our Lord and Master, and observance of all which he declares necessary to our becoming followers of him, embrace it with your whole heart; it cannot lead you astray. But shun as a snake, whatever would teach us to neglect or despise our sacred duties however humble."

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour made no attempts to see their daughter or become reconciled to their son-in-law; and it was not until after the birth of her second child, that they called to see Lucy. "It is a fine child," said the delighted grandmother, "how much he resembles our poor little Edward!"

"But it is not Edward," sighed the tender mother; and though Providence has since blest them with several children, yet frequently do they drop a tear to the memory of their first born.

#### Original.

#### To Believers in Endless Misery—No. 2.

Friends—Your religious teachers have excited unjust prejudices against us by giving us bad names—titles which we abominate, and which our conduct and characters have never deserved from any people, certainly not from those who profess the just, charitable and forbearing principles of the meek and lowly Jesus. By their instigation we have been called, *opposers of religion, enemies of God, deniers of the Lord Jesus, haters of good men, children of the devil, ministers and emissaries of Satan, &c. &c.*

Now you may possibly, think we merit all these censorious and opprobrious epithets. But has it never occurred to you, that your duty as Christians requires you to examine before you judge; to prove guilty before you condemn; and to look us in the face before you sentence us to the retribution of your censure? These things you have not done. Unheard, untried, unpitied, we have suffered your reproach. Let me then earnestly appeal to your sense of justice, and suggest to you the propriety of suspending the execution of your wrath, till you have faced the subject of your allegations.

Again—many of you take the position of decided opponents and oppressors of our denomination, while you are not only ignorant of our real views and character, but absolutely *mis-informed* in relation to both; so that you are led to think our sentiments evil, and our characters vile, when we know that your thorough acquaintance with each, would secure your hearty approbation and sincere respect. We are sorry to see you in

hostile array against us, when we know that ignorance of our views and feelings is the only cause of your animosity. Come over, then, and see what is held in the camp of those you call enemies. Come with the green olive branch in your hand. "Come and see." We have no evil thing which we wish to keep! Truth, truth is all we want, and this, we hope, you do not intentionally wish to fight. We do not court your opposition. We demand your attention, for our sakes and for your own; for the sake of charity and moral virtue, and for pure religion's sake. We assure you, that your present course will never convince us that we are wrong, or that you are right. Calling us ill names does us no good, and yourselves no credit. S. W. F.

Philadelphia.

#### HOPE.

"'Tis hope that makes our darkness day,

'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.

Bright is the golden sun above,

And beautiful the flowers that bloom,

And all is joy and all is love,

Reflected from the world to come."

The inspired apostle declares to us a hope which is "as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast." This is the glorious hope of life and immortality beyond the grave, where we shall be as the angels of God, and shall "be children of God, being children of the resurrection." What a blessed hope! Tell us, ye who look upon death as the end of man—upon the grave as the last dreamless resting place of the earthly pilgrim—as the finishing of his existence, and the end of his creation; is there in all the transitory pleasures of this state any thing to be compared for excellence to the hope of the christian? Grant for a moment, (which heaven forbid!) that it is delusion, will it not increase our amount of real enjoyment here to possess it?—Ask that individual who is called to mourn over the ravages of death, and now stands himself on the brink of the grave, awaiting his great change—ask him, if he possesses the hope of meeting hereafter those whom he loved, in a state of sinless perfection and joy, what would induce him to relinquish it for the sickly idea of non-existence! The very suggestion would be mockery!

O then, give us the hope of the christian!—That hope which "maketh not ashamed"—and which will lead us in peace to bear the numerous ills "that flesh is heir to," and in the hour of our departure from this vale of tears will enable us to say in glorious triumph, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?"

N. H. Star,

#### A SHORT SERMON.

Many are the beautiful aphorisms that the Founder of our religion has left on record, to improve the heart and delight the taste; and few of them it may be, speak more effectually and interestingly to the condition of society, and to the heart of humanity, than the sentiment, "*Man liveth not by bread alone.*" Sad, sad as may be the pinchings of hunger, and the pinings of poverty, and the withering effects of destitution, yet there is more, much more to be done for man than merely feeding him. Life dwelleth not in the well filled purse or the well stored garner, but in the dexterous moral skill with which our passions are ruled, in the management that curbs and guides our ambition, in the fortitude with which we meet our sorrows, in the temperance with which we govern our appetites, in the patience with which we bear affliction, in the sympathy with which we temper our lives, and the forgiveness by which we subdue our enemies, in the gratitude with which we receive our mercies, and the submission with which we admit our Creator to be the guide and governor of our lives. In these things are greater blessings than food can give.



## MESSENGER &amp; UNIVERSALIST.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1835.

## SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES

At the Orchard-st. Church. Subject for next Sabbath (to-morrow) evening, John iii, 36. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," &c.

## THE TALE.

In presenting the interesting Tale, inserted in this No. from the pen of Mrs. DOWNER, we should perhaps again advise the reader of what we have before casually alluded to, that it was commenced with the view of competing for our first Premium, but when about half-finished, the writer was taken seriously ill, and so continued for several weeks. On her partial recovery, the MS. was finished as speedily as possible, and forwarded, but not in time. When it was written, the author was residing in Florida, but has since returned north, (though she did not stop in the city long enough to revise it,) and we have obtained her consent to publish it, with the necessary explanation of circumstances under which it was prepared. We feel, however, that little apology is needed. It will be read, we are confident, with special interest. Some of the scenes will very strongly commend themselves as pictures to the life of what we are daily witnessing in fashionable religious society. Who has not frequently met with a pious "Mrs. Grundy"? or with an artful, intriguing "Mr. Grey"? or with a still more unfortunate dupe of their evil machinations, as presented in the character of "Lucy Seymour"? But we need not particularize. We commend the whole to the attentive perusal of the reader.

It may, perhaps, at first appear singular that the author of the Prize Tale, the "Sacrifice," and of the present one, "Triumph of Truth," should both have adopted the same name, for the Clergyman figuring in their respective stories; but when it is known that the MS. of this last was received before the Prize Tale was published, it can be regarded only as a singular coincidence. P.

We are especially gratified in being allowed to present the following. The initials will be readily recognized, by many of our readers, though long absent from our columns. To later subscribers it may be proper to say, that it is from the pen of Mrs. Sawyer. It will not become us to speak here of its merit, and we therefore only say, let it be attentively read, and its sentiments treasured up. P.

## INVOCATION TO RELIGION.

"Come not in terror clad to claim"

A home within my heart—

Come not with sullen voice to bid

Hope's beaming smile depart,

Nor let thine eye in anger roll

To shake with awful doubts the soul!

Unwillingly—reluctantly,

Dark being! would I ope my breast

To welcome there so dread a guest,

For wearily—oh wearily

Life drags, by cruel doubt oppressed!

What need to fright poor mortal's heart

With hell's terrific woes?

Why tell the erring child of earth

Of horrors, such as those

That often from thy votary's tongue

In bold, blasphemous speech are flung,

Till fearfully—unquenchably,

Flames of Almighty wrath arise,

Before the maniac listener's eyes,

And frantically—despairingly—

A poor self-murderer he dies!

Not thus to me—not thus to me—

Be thy revealings made,

Lest on my brain the fearful hand

Of frenzy should be laid!

But clothed in gentleness and love—

Thou messenger of worlds above!

Come quietly—come peacefully,

And fresh from heavenly fountains, shed

Thy living waters on my head—

Then joyfully—oh joyfully!

My soul shall greet thy coming tread.

Come with the meek and holy smile

The blest Redeemer wore,

And wan with deep dejection, be

Religion seen no more!

Let me not bow my knee to God

Like the dull slave that fears the rod;

But trustingly—confidingly—

Teach me, through faith, to lift mine eye

Up to my Father's house on high,

Where gloriously and blessedly,

We all shall dwell no more to die!

C. M. S.

## DOCTRINES AND MEASURES.

In the report of a late revival at Chatham, N. Y. we find the following singular paragraph.

"The doctrines preached were Orthodox in the true meaning of the term. The measures were of two kinds. Such as *Joshua, Christ*, and the apostles adopted in primitive times, and such as brother Nettleton and every minister engaged in a revival have adopted in these latter days."

The letter from which the above extract is made, is found in the N. Y. Evangelist, and signed by the Rev. John T. Avery, officiating minister at Chatham. We have one question to ask, and a few remarks to offer.

1. We are told that the doctrines preached during this revival were Orthodox in the true meaning of the term. Will the Rev. Mr. Avery, or the editor of the Evangelist be good enough to tell us frankly what doctrines are orthodox in the Presbyterian Church? We are aware that Church has a Confession of Faith which every minister professes "sincerely to receive and adopt as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scripture;" but it can hardly be deemed a want of candor or charity to say that this Confession is treated by a majority of the ministers of the Presbyterian Church with little more reverence than last year's almanac. What then, we ask, is "Orthodox in the true meaning of the term?"

2. We are informed that the measures employed in the revival at Chatham were of two kinds. First, "such as *Joshua, Christ*, and the Apostles adopted in primitive times."—These were very good, and must receive the approbation of every Christian. But what other measures had they at Chatham? We are told. They were "such as brother Nettleton and every minister engaged in a Revival have adopted in these latter days." Truly, brother Nettleton is placed in very good company. To be elevated so as to rank with "*Joshua, Christ*, and the apostles" is no mean honor. We fear it will excite brother Nettleton's pride to see his measures placed beside those which God himself has ordained! Lest poor humanity, by flattery such as this, "should be exalted above measure," we beg leave to say to brother Nettleton in the language of the Poet,

"Go teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—

Then drop into thyself, and be a fool."

But this is not all. Universalists and many other Christians have all along contended that the measures employed in modern revivals are altogether unscriptural, and of course not sanctioned by God. They have said that such scenes of tumult as modern revivals often present were wholly unknown under inspired teachers, and that nothing analogous to them could be produced by such preaching and such measures as God saw fit to employ. All this is now tacitly conceded, at least by the Rev. Mr. Avery. He tells us their measures are of two kinds; those of divine appointment and others of human device: The melancholy consequence of which is that some men "in these latter days" assume to be wiser than God! Moreover, Mr. Avery makes a plain distinction between the measures employed by *Joshua, Christ* and the apostles and "such as brother Nettleton and every minister engaged in a revival" employs in these latter days. The necessary inference is that *Joshua, Christ* and the apostles were never engaged in a revival! This is undoubtedly true, if by a revival is meant such a season of disorder as now goes by that name. That the inspired teachers were familiar with genuine revivals of religion none but the infidel will deny. And yet the measures they employed and the doctrines they inculcated are wholly inadequate to produce a modern misnamed revival. Let Peter or Paul, or even Christ himself now appear, and go through our country preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and though thousands might be converted to God, there would be no revival. S.

## THE NEW YEAR.

"With welcome hail the 'New Year's' birth,"

And here we stand upon the threshold of another year.—That which a twelve-month since seemed like an age in prospect, has almost imperceptibly glided away, and is now past and mingled with eternity. Before pressing forward to the future, let us stop for a moment, and throw a retrospective glance over the year just now closed.

We have witnessed again the pleasing vicissitudes that mark the progress of Time.

"The seasons came

Duly as they are wont—the gentle Spring  
And the delicious Summer, and the cool,  
Rich Autumn with the nodding of the grain,  
And Winter, like an old and hoary man,  
Frosty and stiff."

Yet in the midst of changes like these, we have been able, it is hoped, to say with the Preacher, "He hath made every thing beautiful in his time." Few things can be more unlike than the vernal flowers and the frosts of winter; and yet both have their charms. Man was made for changes, and nothing in his present state of imperfection, would more effectually render him miserable than the invariable monotony of "sights and sounds."

Probably we have not realized all that we anticipated at the commencement of the past year; for earthly hope is often delusive. The picturesqueness of imagination, as it throws itself forward into the future, are frequently drawn in false lights. We dream, not prophesy. We tinge with gold every dark cloud, and rear a rainbow over the face of every threatening storm. Still, if our expectations have not all been realized, we have little reason to complain. We have largely shared in the blessings and joys which the past year brought; perhaps likewise we have tasted of its cup of sorrow. Death has indeed, as ever, been busy in our circles, here nipping the tender flower of infancy, and there blighting the promise of youth,—here bearing away manhood in its usefulness and strength, and there with gentle hand gathering the hoary headed, who "come to the grave in full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." Yet "God hath been very good." Although he has called us to mourn, he has taught us to "sorrow not even as others who have no hope." To the sincere believer in God's illimitable grace, death is robbed of its sting, and the grave of its terrors. Jesus, our Master and King, has "brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." We now therefore "know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." How truly then may we say with the Poet,

"There is a calm for those who weep,

A rest for weary pilgrims found;

And while the mouldering ashes sleep

Low in the ground,

The soul, of origin divine,

God's glorious image, freed from clay

In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine

A star of day.

The SUN is but a spark of fire,

A transeient meteor in the sky;

The SOUL immortal as its Sire

SHALL NEVER DIE."

During the past year, we have seen the faith embracing such sentiments as these, spreading with unexampled rapidity through this favored land. New heralds of the cross have gone forth "preaching peace by Jesus Christ; he is Lord of all." Our zeal, we trust, is increasing, accompanied with knowledge. And although we feel that our arm is weak, and our labors poor, still we know that God, to whom this cause belongs, is mighty as well as gracious, and will yet show that His "strength is made perfect in weakness." Let us therefore say, "Brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God." Let us "fight the good fight of faith," knowing that "the captain of our salvation" is with us and that he will "not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for his law."

In entering upon the New Year, we are perhaps too much disposed to indulge in high and flattering expectations. Hope whispers us that "tomorrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant,"—that our path in the future is to be among almost fadeless flowers, and beneath a mild and grateful sun, whose beams no cloud shall interrupt, and whose radi-



ance shall fill the heart with a constant joy. Little do we think that adversity may steal upon us unforeseen, and that affliction may darken our brightest day. Oh! how many whose voices have just now greeted us with a "Happy New Year," shall, before this season of gratulation and good wishes returns, have gone down to the grave? And how many more shall then think, when all around them are gay and smiling, of broken ties, of lost friends and kindred, to be seen on earth no more forever. Yes, even the heart, which now warm with life and hope, dictates these words, may be cold and motionless in death. Yet it is well; for "the Lord omnipotent reigneth," and let his will be done, whether by life or death.

The salutation of the season the Editors of the Messenger & Universalist most cordially tender to its patrons. What it may be in our power to do for their advancement in knowledge and growth in grace, shall not be wanting. Sensible of our imperfections, we must often ask their charity and indulgence. We would ask them also for their prayers, and their zealous co-operation in the holy cause of the Redeemer's truth. May the year upon which we have now entered, be signally blessed in the diffusion of christian love and christian hope. May the religion of Jesus extend its sacred influences, and purify many a heart and clear many an eye "to behold the beauty of the Lord." Grateful for past mercies, and confident of Heaven's Universal goodness, we would now commend ourselves and all men "to God and the word of his grace." S.

### THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION.

[From the Philadelphian of Dec 25 1834]

To Mr. Abel C. Thomas.—Letter 11.

Philadelphia, Dec. 23d, 1834.

Dear Sir—When I have once denied a proposition, it is an unwarranted assumption for any one to assume that I have yielded the point, because I wholly neglect "to adduce any thing farther in denial." As much as possible I would avoid going over the same ground with you twice in argument; and after we have each exhibited our views, illustrations, and arguments on any matter in debate, I am contented to leave it to the judgment of our readers. You "may feel at liberty to assume" also that I concede the correctness of your conclusion, that everlasting (aion) does not mean primarily and radically an interminable duration; but I protest once for all against any such assumed concessions.

The question in Luke xiii, 23, "Are there few that be saved?" certainly does not prove that the whole number of the human family saved at last will be few; but it implies, that some doubt existed on the minds of those who proposed it to our Saviour, or that they desired his opinion on an unsettled point in their religious belief. You deny that "the querist had in view the salvation of the immortal state of being." To what salvation, then, except the endless salvation from sin and misery did he refer? Did he ask, are there few Jews who will be saved from being cast out of the church on earth?—Christ's answer forbids such a supposition, for he replied, "strive to enter in at the strait (i. e. difficult) gate; for many I say unto you will seek to enter in and shall not be able."

Here they were required to strive, to enter and not to avoid being cast out. Salvation always implies a deliverance from some thing; and if the question, Are there few that be saved? referred to the Gentiles, we ask again, from what were they to be saved? Are there few that be saved from Gentilism? If this was the question, the answer of Christ, "Strive to enter in," &c. would be irrelevant for he was not speaking to Gentiles, but to Jews in one of their Synagogues, and to people in the Church of God who could say, *We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets.* These persons he exhorted to strive to enter in at the strait gate, in reply to a question about the number of persons who should be saved, evidently from "everlasting destruction from the presence of

the Lord;" because he foreknew, as he foretold, that *When once the Master of the house had shut to the door, many of them will begin to knock, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us; to whom he will say, Depart from me all ye workers of iniquity.*" To be rejected by Christ for being workers of iniquity I regard as endless punishment; unless it can be proved from the Scripture that there will be a restoration of Sinners to Christ after the door of mercy has been shut to against them, and they have been appointed to receive their portion with hypocrites and unbelievers for ever.

"The last enemy" of man in the present world is death, and death shall in relation to every man be destroyed, by his being raised from the dead by Jesus Christ. It is not necessary therefore to suppose that there is a *later enemy than the last* experienced in this life; but there is a death after natural death, and in the life to come an endless enemy that succeeds the last enemy which can assail us. I shall in my next proceed to support this doctrine, without replying to your last letter any further; because that is but a reply to my preceding letter and there must be an end somewhere to our controversy.

In this discussion I have intentionally had little to do with commentators, and decline any attempt to harmonize them, or derive a system from their opinion, because I deem the Bible to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice, and judge that each of our readers will form his own conclusions from his own understanding of the sacred volume.

If you choose to abound in citations from Lardner, Gilpin, Whitby, Campbell and Locke, or even from much better commentators such as Henry, Patrick, Scott, Doddridge and McKnight, I cannot object; and those who please may weigh their arguments and criticism: but common people must certainly be able to gather the fundamental doctrines of our holy religion from the common translation of the Bible, or else that translation should be repudiated as no longer the rule of our faith. I do not deny that learned criticism may help the learned to confirm those doctrines which are fundamental, and which are so plainly written on the sacred page that he who runs may read; but any doctrines that no reader of the English translation of the Bible, or of the Greek and Hebrew original would ever think of finding there until he should be drilled into minute criticism, I hold to be no important doctrines of revelation, even if they are contained therein, or may be logically inferred from the Bible. The doctrines which my correspondent teaches appear to me to be of this description.—If the doctrines which I defend concerning future punishment are not plainly, obvious, and even frequently inculcated in the Bible, I should expect every one to reject them, because all the good and all the bad would very cheerfully receive the tenet of universal salvation were it written in the book of God. If I add more, I shall be obliged to defer this letter for another week.

Yours respectfully,  
EZRA STILES ELY.

To Mr. Ezra Stiles Ely.—Letter 11.

Philadelphia, Dec. 27, 1834.

Dear Sir—It is certainly true, that "there must be an end somewhere to our controversy"—but should we proceed, as you practically propose, we shall close our correspondence without finishing our discussion. In declining to answer the arguments presented in my last letter, and in desiring to leave what we have already written "to the judgment of our readers," you virtually define our controversy to be simply the written expression of our several opinions; and our Letters, in this view of the matter, should be considered as only so many Essays on controverted theological points. My idea of a controversy embraces the free examination of of opponent positions and arguments—the patient discussion of doctrines, and not merely the expression of opinions. You say, indeed, "As much as possible I would avoid going over the same ground with you twice in argument"—and

with this I find no fault. But the greater part of my last letter you have not yet touched. I have therein presented many arguments and much reasoning, to which I really attach some importance. You stated that but for the expression, "they that shall be accounted worthy," the testimony of Jesus in Luke xx, would make you a Universalist. I penned my remarks on this passage with special reference to such desirable result; and I flattered myself that you would either attempt a refutation of my reasoning on that point, or acknowledge the truth of the doctrine you had previously opposed. The issue of our conjoint question rests entirely on the Scriptural representations of the resurrection state; and I respectfully desire to direct your especial attention to my proofs and observations on this particular subject, as contained in my last letter. I have therein attempted to refute all your arguments on 1 Cor. xv; and except you endeavor to show that I have failed in the attempt, our controversy, as before hinted, is virtually resolved into nothing more than the written expression of opponent opinions.

In citing passages from the works of eminent commentators and critics, I have only intended to show, that many men of the greatest erudition, talents, and piety, understood a multitude of Scriptural passages very differently from your interpretation of them, although they as firmly believed in endless punishment as do the Calvinistic or Arminian clergymen of the present age. The latter quote innumerable passages in proof of endless wretchedness, which the former could not, and did not, so apply. *I go for the Bible*, and I believe the Bible to be the best interpreter of its own meaning. Nevertheless I shall continue, as suitable opportunity presents, to extract occasional passages from eminent commentators and critics who believed in endless punishment, and our readers will yield to such testimony no more attention than such testimony deserves to receive. I may add that your exposition of any Scripture text, is not by me considered of any more weight than the exposition of Horne, Lardner, Whitby or Clark. I desire you to remember, that I have not quoted Ballou, Balfour, or Whittemore, in confirmation of any of my views. These are Universalists, and their expositions of Scripture might be rejected on that account; but I have quoted the testimony of men who were sound in the faith of endless punishment. Whether such testimony has any weight, and if any, how much, our readers will judge.

I have said, that I believe the Bible to be its own best interpreter. By this standard I have endeavored to test the word everlasting, and thus explain the duration it signifies. I have stated, that the Bible applies it to the priesthood of Aaron, to the covenant of the law, to the possession of Canaan by the Israelites, and to other things, which were not only temporary in their character, but had no reference whatever to the future state. Whether the fact that you declined noticing these and similar remarks, did or did not justify me in assuming that you granted the conclusions consequent of the argument, it becomes not me to decide. I submit to the judgment of impartial men.

In your letter of July 25, you denied that Matt. xxiv, 36—41, and Luke xvii, 20—37 are parallel passages, because in the former case Jesus was addressing his disciples, and in the latter the Jews. In my reply, I showed, from the express and positive language of the passages, that Jesus was addressing his disciples in both cases. Consequently your argument was entirely lost. Of this important fact—important, because thereon rests the decision of the reference of Matt. xxiv and xxv—you took not the slightest notice. In my last letter, I assumed that you had yielded the point—and I believe that every principle of fair disputation justified me in so doing. But as you have not yielded the point in question, I should be happy to see you attempt to sustain it.

You still contend that the inquiry, "Are there few that be saved?" refers to salvation from endless woe. But before you can properly contend for such salvation, you must first prove that endless woe is a doctrine of the Bible. This, indeed, you infer from the tenor of the text and its connexion—but the word saved furnishes no authority for said inference. Peter said, "Save yourselves (not from endless woe, but) from this untoward generation." Acts ii, 40. Jesus said, "He that endureth unto the end, the same shall be saved"—which language, in Matt. xxiv, 13, you admit refers to the destruction of Jerusalem. And he added, verse 22, "Except those days (of great tribulation) should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved." In these cases, you agree that the word saved refers to salvation from temporal calamity only. And such, also in my judgment, is the reference of the question, "Are there few that be sa-



ved?" There were but few saved, or delivered from the great tribulation that came on Jerusalem—and these were saved by entering "into the strait (i. e. difficult) gate" of the Gospel kingdom by faith in Christ; by watching for the coming of the Son of Man; and by fleeing from the devoted city when the predicted sign of that coming appeared. Matt. xxiv, 4—35.—When Cestius Gallus came against Jerusalem many Christians were shut up in it—but "those days were shortened," else "no flesh could have been saved." The siege was strangely raised, and "the Christians had scarcely time to leave the city, before the Romans returned under the command of Titus, and never left the place till they had destroyed the Temple, rased the city to the ground, and slain upwards of a million of those wretched people, and put an end to their civil polity and ecclesiastical state." (See Dr. Adam Clarke, on 1 Peter iv, 18.) Thus comparatively few were saved, and these were they who endured unto the end, as in Matt. xxiv, 13—22.—When the gates of Jerusalem were closed, and the city hemmed in on every side, by the Roman army, the door of the Gospel kingdom was shut against the Jewish nation.—And though some might knock, and say, "We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets," (Jerusalem,) yet it was too late—the day of judgment had arrived—and the sword, famine, and pestilence, brought upon that unbelieving generation "the time of tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to that time, nor ever shall be." Matt. xxiv, 21. If so great a tribulation shall never be again, the supposed tribulations of eternity are certainly imaginary.

You again incidentally introduce 2 Thess. i, 9. I have thrice desired you to come up to a full investigation of that portion of sacred Scripture; but silence is the only answer I have yet received in relation thereunto. I am the more solicitous to examine this subject, because you have certified me, that said passage must forever prevent you from becoming a Universalist.

Paul in affirming that "the last enemy shall be destroyed, death," does not make any exception. He simply declares, that the *LAST* enemy shall be destroyed, and states that death is said last enemy. It is written, that Jesus took part of flesh and blood that he might *destroy*, not only *death*, but the *devil*—yea, the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the *works* of the devil. Heb. ii, 14. 1 John iii, 8. In furnishing the promised proof that there is an enemy *later* than the last mentioned by Paul, it would be proper, I think, to keep the foregoing testimonies in view.

Believing, as I do, that Universalism, is the plain and obvious doctrine of the Bible, I desire that both the good and the bad may receive it. I ask the *good* to receive it, because I am persuaded it would make them better and happier; and I am satisfied that were it heartily and sincerely embraced by the *bad*, it would induce them to "break off their sins by righteousness, and their iniquities by turning to the Lord."

Affectionately yours,

ABEL C. THOMAS.

Original.

#### THE DIAMOND FINDER.

It is narrated in those works which treat on the manners and customs of eastern nations, that "washing for diamonds" is performed by slaves, and he who is so fortunate as to find one in his laborious employment of a specified value, obtains his freedom in consideration thereof, and is no longer subject to the lash of the task-master. His condition in this respect is therefore improved; he is no longer a slave. But this change of circumstances cannot be supposed to produce any salutary consequences in his mental or moral condition. He is rescued from the service of the oppressor and permitted to look down upon those, who less fortunate than himself, have to continue their drudgery.

It strikes my mind that the above is a just representation of what passes current in the world for religion and in my remarks I shall present those particular features in which a resemblance is found to exist.

I remark in the first place that religion is held up as something desirable, from the consideration that it will procure the possessor some great reward. A throne and a sceptre in the eternal world is the dazzling prize that is placed

in view of the devotee. Religion, therefore, instead of being the object of present possession and present enjoyment, is rather the object of *faith* and *hope*. Like the diamond in the mines of Golconda, it is hid from the view. *Faith* leaves doubt in the mind that it actually lies buried there and *hope* whispers in the ear of the believer "the flattering tale" that he will be the fortunate finder.

I observe in the second place that the service which is required of those who would obtain this great prize, is represented as very arduous and oppressive. Religion, holy, blessed, pure, peace-giving religion has been painted with a countenance furrowed with care and her feet bleeding and bruised from the thorny and rugged path which she has to tread! To win her favor, every innocent indulgence must be abandoned, every rational amusement shunned, the most harmless pleasures and recreations carefully avoided, and reason herself prostrated. She forbids hilarity to the buoyant spirits of youth, restrains the more mature from inquiry and investigation, and frowns upon the cheerfulness and garrulity of old age. In return for these sacrifices she holds up her unseen, uncertain, but glittering prize. Is it a matter of astonishment that the highest intellects and the more reflecting minds shun her embraces? It is not. Her service is as tyrannical as that exercised over the diamond washers, and like them her votaries are—*slaves*.

I notice in the third place that in the very attainment of the prize no mental or moral advantage is contemplated. It is true that the *sainted* possessor is now released from further toil in the service of his hard task-master and can look down on his less happy brethren. Indeed the monstrous doctrine is taught in connexion with these views that he will experience sensations of *pleasure* in contemplating the condition of his degraded brethren; and rejoice at every infliction of the whip. But here our parallel must close. The diamond finder may innocently rejoice in his freedom and yet *pity* his former fellow laborers and compassionate their condition, but it was reserved for the heart of *partialism* to conceive of a heaven where its emancipated inhabitants should find their joys *sweetened* from the contemplation of the undying miseries of their former brethren in the flesh

C. F. L. F.

#### THE MEETING.

We were prevented from attending the general Meeting on Monday evening last, at the Orchard st. Church, by severe indisposition.—We cannot, however, but feel grateful for the respect paid to the call, in the attendance of, as we understand, about 100 individuals, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. From what we have understood, we fear that our purpose was mis-apprehended in some degree, though we have received no special report of the proceedings. As we are informed that the meeting stands adjourned to next *Monday Evening*, 5th inst. to assemble at the Greenwich Church, in Sixth Avenue, foot of Amity Street, we may waive all explanations, to offer them there, if any are needed. We hope there will be a full attendance from all parts of the city, if the weather is fitting. The meeting opens at 6 o'clock.

P.

#### THE CONCERT.

Ill health deprived us of the pleasure of attending the Concert by the Mozart Sacred Music Society, for the benefit of the Ladies Dorcas Society, on Friday evening, 26th ult. We have the satisfaction, however, of stating, from information received from many present, that a

very respectable audience attended, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather, and that the performance was highly creditable to the Music Society.

We have not learned the precise amount of the proceeds, but have understood the Dorcas Society will receive upwards of *Eighty Dollars*. A very acceptable Donation we are confident it will prove to that Society in its operations through this inclement season.

P.

#### REV. JOHN REYNOLDS.

We have received a communication from this gentleman touching the notice of him which appeared in No. 8 of the Messenger. Ill health and the great length of the Tale we publish in this No. has prevented our inserting it this week. We shall give him a hearing in our next.

P.

#### A Special Notice.

We shall send this No. of the Messenger to many individuals indebted on our Books, (with their Bills inclosed,) whose papers have been discontinued. They will understand by this, that their accounts must be attended to immediately, or we shall take some other method of obtaining our hard earned dues.

We have no wish to give a single individual unnecessary trouble, or cause the least extra expense, but we are absolutely unable to furnish our paper for nothing, in so many instances.—If it is withheld from us designedly, the individuals should be taught a different lesson, and they should be known to the world, that others may guard against them; and if it is through *forgetfulness*, our interests demand that their memories should be effectually refreshed.. Will those interested save us from farther trouble in the case?

#### Married,

In the city of New York, on the evening of the 30th ult. by the Rev. T. J. Sawyer, Mr. SEELY BROWN, of Chester, Orange Co. and Miss JOANNA WINCHESTER, eldest daughter of M. Winchester, of the former place.

#### Died,

In the city of New-York, on the 27th ult. HANNAH, infant daughter of Mr. George Stevens.

In York Town, on Saturday Dec. 13, at the residence of his father, Mr. SAMUEL S. PURDY, late a resident of this city. Mr. P. was a firm and exemplary believer in the universal grace and goodness of God towards mankind.

#### LECTURE AT THE GREENWICH CHURCH.

Subject for Sunday (to morrow) evening, John v, 28, 29. 'Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice,' &c.

#### Religious Notices.

Br. N. Dodge, of New-London, will preach at Newark, Sunday, Jan. 4th, (to morrow) in place of Br. Hallock.

Br. N. Dodge will preach in Norwalk, near J. Mallory's, on Thursday evening, Jan. 8th; and at Saugatuck, Friday evening, 9th; and at Long Ridge on Sunday, 11th.

Br. A. Case, will preach in Bridgeport 1st Sabbath in January, at Stratford in the evening, at Trumbull on Monday evening, and at Whitehill School house, in Huntington, on Tuesday evening following.

Br. Case, will preach at Newark the 3d Sabbath in Jan.; Br. Hitchcock, the last Sabbath in Jan. and first Sabbath in February.

Br. Asher Moore will preach in Westerly R. I. the first Sabbath—in New-London, Conn. the second and fourth Sabbaths, and in Norwich, Conn. the third Sabbath in each month, until further notice, commencing on the first Sabbath in Nov.

Br. Bulkeley will preach at Annsville, or Peekskill, 1st Sunday; in Milton the 3d Sunday, and in Collabough and Sing Sing, the 4th Sunday in each month, for the year ensuing.



## PRAISE.

I love the Lord, I love his cause,  
I love his just and holy laws,  
I love his word, I love his ways,  
I love to hear and sing his praise.

He gives me life, he gives me peace,  
And bids all jarring discord cease,  
Removes my doubts, and calms my fears,  
And kindly dries affliction's tears.

The works of Nature loud proclaim,  
His power and goodness, still the same;  
The loftiest pine, the humblest flower,  
Alike display His love and power.

The sportive lambs, the busy bees,  
The leaf that flutters in the breeze,  
The birds that flit thro' ether blue,  
Proclaim his power and wisdom too.

From spirits pure of heavenly birth,  
To meanest reptile on the earth;  
His parent care preserves them all,  
His love extends from pole to pole.

Each blade of grass, each plant that grows,  
Each fount that boils, each stream that flows,  
Each star that studs yon azure sky,  
Is praising God who rules on high.

"I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,"  
I'll praise him in bright worlds above,  
Where all is harmony and love.

And when this earth is past away;  
In yon bright realms of cloudless day,  
A ransom'd universe shall sing,  
Anthems of praise to Zion's King.

Vermont Watchman.

## THE SEASONS.

BY T. FISK.

Winter, with his icy breath, has come at last. The "melancholy days" of Autumn, "the saddest of the year," and some will say the sweetest, have passed away.

And how brief has been the space since the bright festival of the spring-time—when frost, tempest, and desolation were forgotten amidst the sweet song of birds in their green bowers of bliss—the sound of the babbling fountain and gushing stream—when nature threw off her fleecy mantle, and resumed her kindest inspirations—changing the earth from "gloom to glory."

It was but yesterday that summer beamed upon us, with its fierce sunshine, unvarying heat, and the insects evening hymn. Yet summer's gone!—The brown spoiler is abroad!—The leaf turns pale, trembles, dies! The groves are deserted—the tenants have departed to a more congenial clime. The last sheaf is gathered in, and the cold harvest moon is pale and wan. The moss cup, the tulip, the whole "beauteous sisterhood" of flowers, have been withering hung on Autumn's shrine.

There is something sad in the reflection, that Earth's loveliest things must fade—that there is nought too bright or beautiful to escape the unsparring hand of Time—that the fair buds which have opened their folded leaves to the sun-beam, should fade, wither and die—and the earth so lately clothed with fertility and fragrance, should become naked, solitary, and desolate.

But there is sunlight amid these deepening shadows. A spirit of beauty pours a glory upon the Autumn woods, deep, varied, and magnificent, as if they had borrowed the summer's rainbow for a covering. The silvery garniture of the heavens is seen stretching far away into the dim, hazy distance. The hill-sides are clad in a habit of crimson and gold. The hoary forests, in their Autumnal beauty, present a spectacle, compared with which the verdant plains are dull and comfortless. And then the going down of the sun—the intermingling of the beauty of earth, with the glory of heaven—like the images in a poet's dream. Sinking slowly from our sight, he changes the wreaths of vapor from glory, to glory, in the same image" imbu-

ing them with his own magnificence and creating a fit pavilion for the King of day.

There is a moral in the falling leaf and perishing blossom. When all things are dying about us, we are admonished that change and decay come alike to all—that the chill hoarfrost cuts down alike the tender plant, and the noxious weed. As the head sinks upon the hand, and memory calls up the images of the past—as the eye wanders around the friendly circle, and finds it even narrowed since the last vernal season, a strange feeling of insecurity comes over us. We know that in a few years, or even days, perhaps, the leaves of Autumn will rustle above our resting place. Yet by a holy faith we are enabled to look forward to an immortal spring-time—to a season of revivifying health and undying vigor, amidst the Paradise of God.

In this season of frost we should call to mind the famishing sons of penury and want, shivering in their frail tenements, through the crannies of which whistle the cold winds of winter! The victims of disease, of poverty, have claims upon our sympathies, which are indispensable. In the cause of benevolence and philanthropy, we are called to be *Working Men* in good earnest. We are not to weep over some romantic vision of the fancy, until no tear remains for those who are pining in sorrow, in our own neighborhood—but we are to go forth into the narrow lane, and the miserable hovel, making glad the hearts of the desolate, and cheering the habitation of the destitute. "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

## AN EXTRACT.

It was a chilly day of winter, and we were all seated in a comfortable school-room. A man of most wretched appearance was seen passing by, drawing a hand-sled, on which were several bundles of woolen rags, the remnants of garments worn till they could be of no farther use. He was clad in those but little better, and was apparently so weak as to be scarcely able to draw his sled. Some looked out of the window and began to laugh. The instructor saw him, and remarked, the school may rise, and all look at that wretched man passing by. All did so, and nearly all were diverted to laughter. After all had seen him, the master told them they might take their seats, and then remarked; "I was willing you should look at that man, but possibly my object was very different from yours, as I see the effect on your feelings was very different from what was produced on mine. That miserable man, you may at once perceive, is crazy. He has bundles of rags on his sled, which, perhaps, he values, but which can be of no service to him. You perceived he looked pale and emaciated, he was so weak as scarcely to be able to draw his load. He is very poorly shrouded from the cold of winter, and will very probably perish in the snow. Now tell me, my scholars, does this man excite your laughter? He was once a schoolboy; he was bright and active as any of you; his return from school was welcomed by joyful parents, and his presence gave pleasure to the youthful throng who met each other in a winter evening for merriment and sport. Look at him now, and can you sport with him who has lost his reason, and, in losing that has lost all? Should I point to one of you, and be able by looking down into future years, to say to the rest, your associate will hereafter be crazy and roam around, a wretched maniac, would you not rather weep than laugh? You saw me affected when I began to speak—I will tell you why.—I once had a friend. He was dear to me as a brother, he was every thing I could wish in a friend. The character of his mind was such, as raised in his friends high expectations. I have indeed, seldom, if ever seen his equal. He could grasp

any subject, and what others found difficult, only served as amusement for him. I have many of his letters which would not disgrace any well educated man, although written by him, when he was a school-boy. I expected to see him taking a lead in the affairs of men, and that his opinions would be quoted by others. I saw him after an absence of two years—where, do you ask? It was in a cage, and even then he was chained! He was a maniac of the most decided character. The moment he saw me, he seized my hand, and left on it the impression of his own, for it was divested of the skin, by constantly rubbing it in the other. For years, he has wandered about when it was safe to liberate him. But he is now, and he always will be insane.

'I have known sorrow—I have seen friends die that were as near as friends could be; but, the hour that I sat by the confined and crazy Bernet, was an hour of the greatest anguish I ever knew. Remember, my pupils, from what has passed this hour, to render unfeigned thanks to God for continuing your reason hitherto, and if ever again you are disposed to laugh, when a crazy man passes, remember what may be your own condition hereafter.'

## Universalist Books,

Which may be obtained of A. C. Thomas, 132 Chestnut-street Philadelphia.

- Balfour's First Inquiry—being a faithful examination of all the passages in the Bible in which the word Hell occurs—\$1.  
Balfour's Second Inquiry—being an examination of the Scriptural doctrine concerning the devil, and the import of the words translated everlasting, eternal, forever, &c.—\$1.  
Balfour's Essays on the state of the dead, and inquiries into the meaning of the words judge, damn, condemn, and their derivatives—\$1.  
Balfour's Examination of Stuart's Exegetical Essays—75 cts.  
Balfour's Letters to Professor Stuart—25 cts. In this work the author has shown that his conversion to Universalism is mainly attributable to the Professor's criticisms on portions of the Bible.  
Balfour's Letter in Reply to Dr. Allen's Lecture against Universal Salvation—25 cts.  
Balfour's Letter to Whitman in defence of so much of the First Inquiry as pertains to the term Gehenna—25 cts.  
Ballou's Treatise on Atonement—an invaluable work, being an inquiry into the origin, nature and effects of sin, and of the consequences of the Atonement—50 cts.  
Ballou's Notes in illustration of the Parables—75 cts.  
Ballou's XXVI Lectures on important doctrines—\$1.  
Ballou's XXV Select Sermons on various subjects—\$1.  
Ballou's XI Sermons delivered in Philadelphia—37 cts.  
Ballou's Examination of the doctrine of future Punishment—50 cts.  
Ancient History of Universalism, by H. Ballou 2d.—\$1.  
Modern History of Universalism, by T. Whittemore—\$1.  
T. Southwood Smith's Treatise on the Divine Government—a work I would not be without for five times the price—75 cts.  
Notes and Illustrations of the Parables, by Thomas Whittemore—an admirable and very useful volume—75 cts.  
Paige's Selections from Eminent Commentators, showing that the most eminent Partialist critics justify the Universalist's interpretations of nearly every prominent passage in the New Testament—\$1.  
Life of John Murray—Whittemore's much improved edition, 50 cts.—do. Marsh, Capen and Lyon's, 46 cts—also an edition at 37 cts.  
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Christian Messenger, vols. I and II bound—\$4 for the set.

## The Prize Tale.

We have just published at this office, in Pamphlet form, the Prize Tale inserted in No. 1 of this vol. \$2.50 per 100, 37 1-2 cents per doz. Orders solicited.